

Don't Mess With My Country

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Summary: Every country had it's own way of coping with war. The darkness of loss that would engulf them always left their minds eventually, or so they believed. Every once in a while the insanity would make a home in the head of a nation, changing their ideals and mentality forever. If only the others had noticed sooner, maybe something could have been done to stop it. Now, it was too late.

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The behavior of world superpowers always and ceaselessly managed to cause an unsettling spark of agitation within the minds of the rest of the world. Their disquieting feelings would begin when a simple chuckle was heard, one that would soon morph into a full blown cackle of madness. The mentioning of nuclear warheads and other explosives would trigger a reaction akin to adrenalized elation within the superpowers, making their faces light up like a child with a new toy. This response is normally looked down upon, igniting a notion of great unease within the other nations present. Yes, it was an indisputable fact, Russia and America were unabashed maniacs.

When a superpower is created, the insanity's hold does not take immediate affect upon the nation. Instead it tends to fester, boil up inside like flies attracted to a rotting slab of meat. If one were to ask a coherent mental patient what insanity felt like, they would describe the feeling as a virus; always finding new ways to influence and lure your mind into acting out its own dark and unnerving whims. If one were to ask either Russia or America however, they would smile with glacial, foreboding eyes and a firmly set jawbone, shamelessly denying insanity's embrace.

The countries knew better than to believe such lies, always scanning each of the superpowers for the telltale glint that signified as a

warning for danger to come.

Though the psychopathic indications were more noticeable in Russia than America, many unsuspecting countries had made the mistake of letting their guard down, throwing caution to the wind and openly confronting the tanned, blond American. Those who did lived soon to regret it, mourning their rash words as tides of defeat rolled over them in suffocating waves. Whether it be by atom bombs, nuclear strikes, or just flagrant humiliation, America soon conveyed the message that several countries should have heeded before acting so inadvisedly.

****_ '_****_Don't mess with my country.'_****

As years went by, countries learned not to be found on America's bad side, much more eager to kiss up to him than be in constant fear for their life. Some say that this the exact reason Russia decided to challenge him. He was the only other country who had the ability to instate that much fear into another nation. Some say he did it for kicks, bored and yearning for a war to entertain his twisted mind. Others say it was because America was the only one willing to stand up to the psychotic Russian. The reason mattered not, after the war was official there was nothing the other countries could do but watch as the two most influential nations of the world clashed head to head in a heated battle for intellectual dominance.

When the Cold War was initiated, Russia and America were aware that several countries feared for their wellbeing, despite not being directly involved in the war. The aspect of the other nation's panic did far from sadden the two. No, it excited the superpowers to an unimaginable extent. While holding their monthly chess games the two would frostily joke and marvel at each other's influence on the world, marveling at the power they both held. The ability to throw the world into mass panic was an admirable skill, one which both men were proud to have mastered.

Both men were far from deaf, yet whispers of insanity and warnings other countries shared amongst each other fell on deaf ears. Russia and America were psychopaths, proud of their labels and twisted thought processes. After all, insanity isn't so bad. Insanity conquered all emotions, replacing it with fear.

No matter how hard you try to fight it, insanity always won.

* * *

><p>England first noticed America's peculiar behavior several years after the end of the Civil War. The now recovered nation had become spontaneous and volatile, jumping into fights without the slightest hesitance or twitch in the excited smile that would engulf his eager face. Worried for America's health, the island nation began to discretely monitor his ex-colony, comparing the man's actions to those of his own. After months of observation, England started to notice an overwhelming amount of odd quirks and ways of interacting that had not been present in the other nation before.<p>

England's harbored doubts began to resurface after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. One week after the bombing, America had stormed into the room where the rest of the allies sat, throwing open the doors with an air of internecine objective. England, France, and other

nations close to America had scrambled up and bombarded him with frantic questions, it had been the first time they had seen him since the 'incident'. The American hadn't responded to a single inquiry, growling and tugging at the bandages wrapped around his head and left eye. Immediately, the panicked nations backed off, alarmed by the sudden change in attitude. When the blond haired man stood by the podium and declared war on Japan with murderous intention, England's suspicions were confirmed. Something was wildly wrong with America.

After Pearl Harbor, England began to closely monitor the blue-eyed nation from afar. After years of normal behavior (normal for America, that is), The British man began to slack on his self-appointed job, and action he greatly regretted later. It was September 11, 2001 when England realized just how big his mistake had been.

America sprung up from the ground where he had collapsed, ignoring the screaming as he staggered towards a small cluster of countries smirking nearby. Blood pooled around his legs as he limped, yet he remained undeterred, murderous eyes set on one country who appeared to be grinning the widest.

Afghanistan's smile faltered as he realized the wounded American would not become immobile any time soon. He stepped back, one stride for every step America took forward. Afghanistan began to sweat nervously, fully expecting to find a wall at his back like cornered prey. His eyes followed the blond's hand as it slipped into his pocket, drawing a sleek, black pistol and aiming for the center of his forehead.

The only reason Afghanistan's life was spared was because of the coincidental collapsing of the south tower. As soon as America's body hit the floor wracked in spasms, Afghanistan ran for his life knowing full well that if the blond was able to stand, much less lift an arm, he wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger. He could vaguely hear the screams resonating from America and the other nations as he ran.

Afghanistan later regretted ever sending those suicide pilots as he hid in a boom closet praying that America wouldn't find him. The dark haired man had made the foolish mistake of attending the next world meeting, fully expecting America to be absent in favor of cleaning of the debris in New York. He had been sorely mistaken.

American fighter planes and troops now scoured his land looking for the gang who had been responsible. Meanwhile the actual America was holding a manhunt in the meeting building, one that consisted of one piece of prey and what felt like thousands of hungry dogs. In reality, there was only one dog. An intelligent, vicious, and bloodthirsty dog.

Without warning the poorly made door slammed open, causing the closet's occupant to scream in fear. America was looming above him, gun in one hand and the remains of a door handle in another. The spectacle sporting man grinned wildly, taking in much delight at the horror that rolled off the other man in waves. Terrified, Afghanistan watched as America angled the gun so he was looking right down the barrel.

"Trust me. this could have ended way worse for you." Afghanistan

didn't even have the chance shut his eyes before he heard the telltale bang of a gun.

The thud of a body on the wooden tiles could be heard all throughout the building.

* * *

><p>Belarus had never once been scared of her big brother, opting instead to chase him while insisting on their marriage. The poor girl never understood why Russia refused partnership, she was strong, slender, and could proudly boast that her body was 'well-equipped.' Belarus simply couldn't see the issue.<p>

She pondered her brother's countless refusals as she gracefully skipped through the halls of the mansion she, her sister, and her brother shared. Belarus was fully intent on hunting Russia down, this time she wouldn't take no for an answer.

Belarus chanted as she glided through the stark halls, at last stopping in front of the large oak doors that would give way to the room Russia had claimed as his. "Marry me big brother! Marry me, marry me, marry me. maã€""

Belarus burst into the room, scanning her surrounding wildly before dejectedly sighing as she realized that her beloved was no where to be found. The girl promptly spun around to leave and begin an intensive search of the whole house, but the reflection of an object on the wall caught her attention. Belarus was perfectly willing to pretend the object was a piece of metal until she realized that the light was not glinting off an object, but a _liquid._

Belarus inched forward, weaving her way through the cluttered mess of unimportant objects that littered Russia's floor so she could have an unobstructed view the oozing liquid. As she finally succeeded in navigating through the disarray, Belarus stopped underneath the spot where she had identified the fluid, not daring to look up. She instead waited for a bead of the liquid to drip downwards, landing with a plop in her open and upturned palm. Despite the shadows being cast over her hand by the rickety furniture that had been placed in the room, it was obvious to even the most inexperienced that the drop in her hand was _blood. _

Belarus gulped and hastily wiped the red dot on the wall, bringing her hand away to find that it was even more coated in blood than before. Revolted, Belarus scrubbed her newly painted hand on her white dress, lamenting the pristine condition she had always managed to keep it in until now.

She shuffled a few paces back, hesitantly tilting her head to see the ominous scarlet painting above. Belarus immediately regretted ever entering the room.

Splayed out over the entire expanse of the wall was a map of the world, all outlined in red. In some places the blood was dry and rusty looking, signaling it had been on the wall for an unknown amount of time. In other areas the blood was still dripping, sliding down the plaster and onto the already stained rug below.

It was not the blood that unnerved Belarus, rather it was several

component about the map that stood out to her akin the a warning label. The precision in which the map was traced left Belarus to wonder how her brother had ever found the time to be so meticulous. Each country was labeled in abbreviations of it's own name, jarring he to the vary bone. Once again, this was not the factor that sent Belarus gasping for air. It was the designs that could be found across the whole map.

Several countries were painted entirely over in blood, leaving them undistinguishable from Russia's already scarlet country. Another common pattern was the smudged nations, looking as if a giant hand had swiped at the blood while it was in the process of drying, leaving the boundaries broken or nonexistent. Others were splattered with droplets of gore, strewn across the entirety of the chosen country. Russia had allowed the drops to mingle with the boundary lines of these countries, giving them the appearance of an uninhabitable stretch of land devastated by war, or in this case, splattered blood.

Though the self drawn atlas was enough to make a grown man scream and cry in terror, Belarus continued to study it in morbid curiosity, turning her sights to the west where North America rested.

Canada looked like it had been dunked in red, it's totality appearing to all as if it had been submersed in an ocean of blood. Belarus foggily noticed that the northernmost North American nation had been recently painted, and with a start she realized it had been Canada that had caught her eye in the first place. Belarus traced the country with her eyes, catching sight of a bead of blood rolling into the United States. Her eyes glued to the drop, Belarus followed it down, down, down until it came to rest on the state she recalled America naming 'Colorado'. She glanced up, fully intent on examining Canada again until a streak of blood made her breath hitch in her chest.

The United States of America was covered by a crudely drawn 'X'. The lines of blood appeared to be countlessly layered, the most recent one appearing to all as if it had just been painted a miâ€ Belarus stiffened as she heard the telltale thud of boots outside the bedroom. She had listened to those boots, followed their footfalls and traced their steps time and time again. There was no mistaking who the stranger was. It was Russia.

The violet eyed man strode into the room, clearly surprised at his unexpected visitor. Instead of screaming and running out like Belarus had expected, he stared at her for a few moments, noting her bloodied dress and appalled expression. Russia then acted upon the last thing she would ever imagine him to do in her presence.

The silver haired man clasped his hands behind his back and rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet. "What are you doing here, Belarus?"

Russia smiled.

* * *

><p>Well, there it is. Leave a review, it really helps. If I don't get enough reviews then I most likely won't continue this. That may sound selfish to some but I like to make a point of telling it

how it is.

End
file.